STORY OF MANILA'S FALL.

A GREAT TRIUMPH FOR AMERICA AT A SLIGHT COST.

Admiral Dewey's Diplomacy Which Won the City After Just Enough Resistance to Satisfy Spanish Honor—Play Bombardment by the Fleet—The Sun Bursts Through the Clouds to Salute the Stars and Stripes Raised Over Manila—Gen. Merritt's Advance by Land—Skirmishes with the Spanish Troops—Aguinaldo and the Insurgents Making Trouble.

MANILA, Aug. 17.—There was not much in the capture of the Philippine capital by the Americans to satisfy the lover of the spectacular. Considered as a show, it was disappointing. There was no destruction of an ancient city, no splendid sweep of awful conflagration, no soul-stirring, desperate resistance—death in the last trench, blood-and-thunder business, and mighty little roaring of cannon. The "mucho boom boom" that had been promised the Filipinos did not amount to as much as the salute to the new flag on the Lunetta at sundown. The tragedy lost its tragic character and became a comedy before the performance began, and the performance itself developed into pretty nearly a farce, with just enough of serious work in it to provoke regretful consideration. That is, considered as a show. But if the object of the whole performance was the taking of a great city with the least destruction of property and the least loss of life possible, rather than the production of a spectacle for the gratification of the descriptive writers and artists sent out to reproduce it for the people at home, then it was a conspicuous triumph for the management, entitled to rank beside, if not ahead, of the great performance of the first of May in Manila Bay. He will have the audacity of yellow journalism who dares contend that such was not the true purpose.

As has been told, the final demonstration had been postponed for several days in order to give the army time to make more desirable disposition of troops and to get necessary supplies in readiness for transportation. This time was used by Admiral Dewey for the completion of the negotiations for the surrender which had been going on for about a month. It was just the time he needed, and the informal and unofficial work of M. André, the Belgian Consul, who acted as the medium of communication between Admiral Dewey and Captain-General Jaudenes, resulted in success. Fundamentally, the Spaniard is a theatrical person. Jaudenes knew he was whipped before ever he took off his coat to fight. There was no help for him. But "Spanish honor" demanded consideration, and Spanish honor is the most peculiar, intangible and invisible fact that has come under American observation out here. Spanish honor decrees that the Old Guard dies but never surrenders—*cum grano salis*—in fact, with a bag of it. The fiction is met, and the requirements fulfilled if the Old Guard plays at dying, like a well-trained dog, and then surrenders, jumping up quickly at the word for the lump of sugar reward for good acting. The once valiant and honorable Castilian has degenerated so far that he actually seems to believe this sort of thing will fool the world into taking his farce for a tragedy, and he is so well pleased with his acting that if you are not satisfied with it and willing to help it along he will fight you with the dog-like patience and indifference which passes for Spanish courage and bravery.

Admiral Dewey knew that, and so he yielded in great part to the Spanish theatrical propensity, and accepted that condition as an amendment to his terms of surrender or fight. Therein the Admiral showed his wisdom and his diplomatic finesse. If he had stood for unconditional surrender the result bade fair to be fight. No man will ever accuse Dewey of shirking a fight when fight was the thing to do, but here fight was to be avoided, and the price was cheap at a hundred shells fired at a half-deserted old stone fort. So the Americans played the fiddle and beat the drums while the Spaniards danced, and our flag waves over Manila with not a house damaged except here and there one in the outskirts gimletted occasionally by rifle bullets.

SHIPS TAKE THEIR STATIONS.

Saturday, Aug. 14, the day of the "bombardment"—it is easier to call it that than anything else, though it is not a descriptive name—was like the other days of that week, full of wind and rain, with a mirage-forming mist along the shore that gave a false outline for the work of the rangefinders. The morning was gray, with a raw, rough breeze that made one think of a late September day in New York. The ships of the fleet were under way early and the neutral fleets and the Germans kept them company. The Concord and the Petrel left the station they had occupied for two days and a half a mile off Manila breakwater and steamed, the Concord to her station opposite the mouth of the Pasig River, where she could engage the one 10-inch rifle and the battery of smaller guns, and the Petrel back to the Olympia, recalled, as it proved, just in time to get into play. The bluff old Monterey, with her nose awash, slouched along straight in toward the three 10-inch rifles on the Lunetta in front of the palace. She steamed clear inside the breakwater, and the noses of her big 12-inch rifles were poked inquiringly out of the forward turret just looking for the fellow who was going to take a pot shot at them. Behind the Monterey, well outside, lay the cruisers Charleston, Baltimore and Boston, with their 8-inch rifles all ranged toward the big Lunetta battery and the palace of the Archbishop behind it. Singular position that palace had. Whatever position our ships took to engage the batteries of the walled city, the palace was always in range, a fair mark for any shot that went a little high.

Down at the south end of the city—off the old block stone fort and the powder magazine at Malate we had been looking at so long, the Olympia took station. With her were the Raleigh and the little Petrel, and well inside was the Callao, under command of Lieut. Tappan. The Callao is the pickaninny that steamed into the harbor some time after Dewey's May day victory and began a salute to our flag. With the Olympia, also, was the McCulloch, which had been kept out of the first of May affair. Her men were in no mood to be left out this time if there was to be any fighting. On Friday afternoon they sent a committee to Capt. Hooper with a petition that, if the ship was not to go into the action with the fleet, fifty of them be allowed to land and fight with the troops. Capt. Hooper was greatly pleased with the spirit of the men and straightway passed the petition along to the Admiral. Admiral Dewey was also delighted, and the result was that the McCulloch got a chance to use her 6-pounders.

The McCulloch's men, however, were not alone in showing that spirit. The sick lists of the ships showed how the men felt. Every fellow on the lists who could drag one foot after the other reported himself well and ready for duty, and the poor chaps who had to stay down—they were very few—cursed their unlucky stars.

SALUTE FROM THE BRITISH FLAGSHIP.

As our ships left their anchorage off Cavite and started for their stations, the Englishmen also got under way, and then there occurred an incident that set the sailormen of Uncle Sam a-cheering with a will. The big English flagship Immortalité had been in Mirs Bay that April day when Dewey steamed out for Manila, and as his flagship passed her, the Englishman's band played American airs, winding up with "El Capitan." Now, as the Olympia moved away, the Englishman's band began with "See the Conquering Hero Comes." Before the tune was half through, the battle flags were broken out from every truck and gaff in our fleet. The breeze was fresh and the big bright flags snapped like whipcords. Instantly the English band swung into "The Star-Spangled Banner," and every man on every ship stood at attention and saluted as our ship steamed slowly by. Then, as the last bar of "The Star-Spangled Banner" died away, the band of the Immortalité began "El Capitan." The American sailormen remembered Mirs Bay, and their cheers rang across the water. You never have heard men really cheer, you never have felt men cheer till you have heard and felt American sailors going into a fight. Then you understand what it means to be under the Stars and Stripes.

There was an incident on the Olympia the evening before which set the men on edge. The insurgent steamer Filipinos had asked permission of the Admiral to go out of the bay and it had been refused. Nevertheless, she got under way and stood out near the Olympia. The Admiral was at dinner, with the English Vice-Consul for his guest, and in the wardroom the senior officers were entertaining some friends. There were guests, too, in the junior officers' mess, and all were seated about the tables discussing the possibilities of the next day. To the Admiral came hurriedly the officer of the deck and reported the Filipinos moving out. On the instant the Admiral answered:

"Call the men to quarters."

Mess gear was spread and the red pennant was up, proclaiming to the world at large that the men of the Olympia were at their evening meal. It seemed as if the officer of the deck had hardly left the Admiral's cabin when the bugles began ringing through the ship. If you have never heard a bugle in your life, you know that call means the instant you hear it. Alarm, command and haste are in every sharp staccato note. The first bar was not finished when the men were running to their stations. Spread mess gear was scattered again, and the crews jumped to their guns and cast them loose. In wardroom and steerage the officers leaped out of their chairs with sentences unfinished and food half swallowed. The astonished guests had hardly time to rise before the mess attendants were clearing the tables and preparing the rooms for war work. The jackies dashed through on the way to their guns. Officers jumped into their rooms, grabbed swords and belts and ran for their divisions. For half a minute there seemed the wildest confusion. Then order emerged from chaos, and in just one minute from the first bugle call the Olympia's crew were at general quarters. That was long enough, however, for the crew of the Filipinos to see what was going on and to be very thoroughly frightened. They stopped their ship and sent away a small boat, in which Leybe, one of Aguinaldo's aides, came aboard the Olympia. Admiral Dewey received him with the cheerful remark:

"You had a pretty close call, young man. I had a good notion to sink you. I believe I ought to have sunk you." Leybe protested and apologized and went back to his ship, which stayed in the bay.

THE ACTION BEGINS.

When the American ships stood over across the bay to their positions off Manila, the Englishmen followed further out. As the Immortalité approached her old anchorage off the mouth of the Pasig, the Germans and the Frenchmen got under way. The German flagship Kaiser was directly behind the Concord, in such position that a high shot from Manila would have found her an easy target. Also, she was in such position that the Concord would have been between two fires if she had chosen to open on the American. The Immortalité came squarely between the Concord and the Kaiser and stopped her engines. The Iphigenia followed, and the Americans wondered what would happen if the Germans tried to interfere that day. But the Germans didn't try. Nobody helped the Spaniards play their game except the Americans, and the performance went off without interruption.

It was 8:45 o'clock when the American ships got under way. It took them nearly three-quarters of an hour to get into position, and then at 9:30 the Olympia swung her starboard broadside toward the Malate fort and let go two 5-inch guns. The range had been given by the navigator as 3,400 yards, but the mist alongshore had given a false line and the stadimeters did not work properly. The shells fell short, struck the water, threw up clouds of spray and ricocheted over the land high and to the right of the mark. The Petrel followed the Olympia with her 6-inch rifles, and her range, too, was short. Then the Raleigh cut loose her 5-inch quick-firers with the same short range, and it looked from the rest of the fleet as if the Americans had forgotten how to fire or else were playing at war with a vengeance.

The Captains had been informed the day before that the surrender had been practically arranged. They knew that not a shot was to be fired at the walled city unless the walled city fired at them. They understood that the bombardment of Malate was simply to give the Spaniards a chance to play dead, and to make representations at Madrid that they had died defending Spanish honor. But the Captains had not thought that the Malate bombardment was to be all a farce and they were surprised at the bad shooting. The Callao steamed close in, near the shore, south of the fort. There she was in a position unaffected by the shore mist and got the range accurately. Her one 3.2 gun pelted the old stone fort in lively fashion and with straight aim. Her Nordenfeldts and Hotchkiss cannon peppered its walls with 1-pounders and her Colt rapid-fire pounded away 400 shots to the minute with a noise such as a small boy makes by dragging a stick along a picket fence. The tug Barcello, too, which was taken when Cavitó fell, and was fitted with a Hotchkiss gun in the bow, got into the fight. Both were fired at by the Spaniards, but neither was hit, except that the Callao was in range of the Mausers and stopped twenty-five or thirty bullets with no damage to herself.

SPANISH INVITED TO SURRENDER.

The firing from the Olympia, Petrel and Raleigh continued rapidly for a few minutes, most of the shells falling short. Then a blinding rainsquall shut ships and shore and city out of view. It was thicker than September fog on the Grand Banks. But through it all the firing kept up, and the rumbling roar of the big guns rolled around the bay and echoed back from the city. The Olympia sent in some 8-inch shells and their angry scream rose above the noise of the smaller fire and made a sound through the rain as if the Monterey had turned her 12-inch guns on the city. Then the rain stopped and the bay cleared up. The mist was gone, and the navigators found out what had been the trouble with the shooting. The shore line stood out clearly defined now and the stadimeters showed 4,100 yards instead of 3,400 on the range.

The firing had slackened up a good bit, except on the Callao, but now it began again, and there was no more farce about it this time. The big shells plumped down in and around the Malate fort and sailed out along the Spanish lines beyond the fort, throwing up stone and dirt and dust of crumbled rock in clouds above the fort. There was more than playing dead in this for the Spaniards, and they scattered out of the fort in all directions and on the run. The flagship signalled the news to the fleet that the enemy's camp was breaking up, and just then the artillery of the army, posted in our line south of the Malate fort, opened up. The work of the fleet was nearly finished. A few more shells were fired, and then at 10:50 the flagship set "Negative No. 1," the order to cease firing. Immediately she followed this with international code flags representing the letters D W H B, which mean to the men of all nations "Surrender." There were a few minutes of delay, with no answer from the Spaniards in the city, and the flagship signalled to the scattered fleet to "close up." Then, as the ships came on by the Olympia, Dewey for the second time disproved the saying that he would rather fight than eat by signalling, "Go to dinner by watches."

The Spaniards in the city had made no answer to the Olympia's demand for their surrender, nor had the white flag appeared over the city. The arrangements completed by M. André and reported to the Admiral fixed the site of raising the white flag and located the building over which it should be hoisted. There was some delay about it, and Capt. Lamberton, on the after bridge with the Admiral, turned to the commander-in-chief and said:

"I don't see that white flag yet over that red roof."

Spanish honor takes these serious ways to vindicate itself. So the Admiral had the international surrender signal set again, this time with the interrogatory pennant at the top, asking the question, "Do you surrender?" This time the Spanish answered, and their answer was amazing. It was international "O. P.," meaning "Member of Parliament" or "Member of Congress." That was a puzzler, but it was determined finally that it meant that a conference was going on or was desired, and so Admiral Dewey sent his Flag Lieutenant, Mr. Brumby, in to represent him. The transport Newport, on which Gen. Merritt had retained his headquarters since his arrival in the bay, had come up near the flagship. Mr. Brumby stopped at the Newport and reported to Gen. Merritt, who sent Lieut.-Col. Whittier, his Inspector-General, in to represent him at the conference.

AMERICANS IN POSSESSION.

In the meantime our soldiers had occupied the fort at Malate and run up the Stars and Stripes in place of the Spanish flag. From the ships their advance toward the city could be seen very plainly, and just before they reached the wall the white flag Capt. Lamberton was looking for appeared over "that red roof" where he expected to see it. Mr. Brumby used as a means of getting to the city the steam launch of M. André, flying the Belgian flag at the stern and a white flag at the bow. Mr. Brumby and Col. Whittier found that a conference was what the Spaniards desired for the purpose of establishing the preliminary terms of the surrender.

Gen. Greene had arrived by this time at the head of some of his troops in the city, and he also came to the conference with the Spanish council. The preliminary terms were drawn up. Then Mr. Brumby and Col. Whittier went back to the Newport and told Gen. Merritt. Mr. Brumby went on to the Olympia and at 2:30 the flagship set the signal 4,168, "the enemy has surrendered." Mr. Brumby took the biggest United States flag the Olympia had, a No. 1 ensign, thirty-six feet long, and started back for the city. Two signal boys, Stanton and Ferguson, who had been with him on the bridge throughout the action of May 1, and in the mock action of this day, begged to be taken along to raise the new flag over the city, and Mr. Brumby took them. He went in his own launch this time. Admiral Dewey gave Gen. Merritt the Zafiro, and the General went into the city with some of his staff and Company F of the Second Oregon as his personal escort.

The Spaniards stood in crowds around in front of the palace and many soldiers were by the guns, but the few Americans had no trouble; they were masters now, and the Spaniards knew it. Gen. Merritt found Jaudenes in a little chapel of the cathedral, and there they signed the capitulation.

Then Mr. Brumby suggested that the big Spanish flag which had been flying all day in front of the walls west of the cathedral and the Government building should be hauled down and replaced by the Stars and Stripes. Gen. Merritt agreed and Brumby and his two signal boys started for the flagstaff. In the meantime the steamer Kwong Hoi, with two battalions of the Second Oregon Regiment, which had been held at Cavité when the other troops went ashore, had moved up inside the breakwater close to the city. The troops got ashore after a hard struggle with the surf and shallow water and marched along up the Lunetta toward the Government building. While they were forming up and starting out Mr. Brumby and his signal boys were busy at the big flagstaff. That big Spanish flag flying there so bravely long after the white flag had been hoisted over the Lunetta battery had been affronting the fleet all the afternoon. The theatrical Spaniard would hoist the white flag, but he would not strike his own colors.

SUNBURST FOR OUR FLAG.

The open space about the flagstaff was crowded with Spaniards, men and women, when Brumby and his little following of Americans got there. As Stanton and Ferguson laid hold of the halyards to haul down the Spanish banner many of the men and nearly all of the women were in tears. Down the old flag came, standing out stiff on the halyards in the strong breeze until it was well down the staff. The few Americans watched it fall in silence, standing in the midst of a throng of sobbing Spaniards. Then Ferguson and Stanton bent the Olympia's bright new ensign on to the halyards and started it up on the run. Just as it caught the breeze and its folds straightened out over the uncovered heads of the little company of Americans, the sun, which had never shown himself during the week, burst through a rift in the clouds over the Sierra Mariveles and lighted up its beautiful stripes and blue field. Almost involuntarily the Americans burst into cheers at the omen, and just then the Oregon boys swung into view with their band at their head. The musicians caught sight of Old Glory climbing up that Spanish staff, and the next instant the strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner" were ringing along the Lunetta and over the forts that have defended the Philippine capital for so many years.

They were keeping watch on the Olympia, and the beautiful flag had scarcely settled into its new position above the ramparts of the ancient Spanish city when the flagship's guns began their salute to the new sovereignty in the Philippine Islands. Quickly the McCulloch followed suit, then the Petrel, then the Raleigh, then the Concord, then the Boston, then the Charleston, then the Monterey, then the Baltimore and even the little Callao, twenty-one guns from each to the first free flag over the Philippines.

The Oregon band played out its first national anthem and the Oregon men saluted the flag with such cheers as the wondering and downcast Spaniards standing about had never heard. And the last rays of the evening sun dropping behind the Mariveles Mountains streamed across the ruined and desolate Lunetta and fell upon the uncovered heads of those Oregon boys listening again to "The Star-Spangled Banner," the evening hymn of this first improvised evening parade of American soldiers on the famous Spanish parade ground.

With the captured flag tied up in a bundle, Mr. Brumby and his signal boys returned to the flagship, and the Spanish ensign now lies in the Admiral's cabin.

GEN. MERRITT'S PLAN FOR THE ARMY.

But all this has been about the navy, and the army had a large part in the day's proceedings, with the only real businesslike fighting that was done in the field. On the afternoon of Friday Gen. Merritt issued this general order:

"A combined land and naval attack will be made on the enemy's works to-morrow, the 13th inst., at noon.

"It will consist of a naval and artillery attack. Our lines will make no advance, but will hold the trenches, the infantry covering the artillery.

"The First Brigade will hold the right of the line, and, operating on the Manila-Pasai road, have for its immediate objective the Spanish blockhouse No. 14 and adjoining trenches.

"The Second Brigade will hold the left of the line, operating along the beach and the trenches adjoining.

"The First Brigade will put eight battalions in the firing line and hold three in reserve. The Second Brigade will put three battalions in the firing line and hold eight in reserve. The reserves of both brigades will be held in column of battalions in the open field to the west of the Camino Real and 500 rods south of the intersection of the Camino Real and the road to Pasai. The reserves will be under the general direction of the division commander, whose position will be on the Camino Real near the reserves.

"The men will take one day's cooked rations, canteens filled with water, and a minimum of 100 rounds of ammunition for the Springfield rifle and 150 for the Krag-Jorgensen. The reserve ammunition will be held with the reserve.

"Brigade commanders will distribute necessary intrenching tools among the several organizations.

"The general hospital will remain in camp. Ambulance stations will be established on the beach in rear of the left, one at Pasai in rear of the right, and one on the Camino Real near the reserves.

"All positions should be taken up by 9 A. M. the 13th inst., except the reserves, which will take position at 11 A. M. Our line will not advance except under the orders of the commanding General in the field."

Breakfast was ordered for the men at 5 o'clock, so that everything could be packed up and in readiness for taking position at 9. The Commissary and Quartermaster departments had been putting in the extra time Gen. Merritt had secured by his request to Admiral Dewey in making preparations to move forward the stores and equipage of the army when the advance came. The brigades were composed of these troops: Twenty-third and Fourteenth United States, Astor Battery, Thirteenth Minnesota, First Idaho, First North Dakota and First Wyoming, First Brigade, Gen. MacArthur; Eighteenth United States, First California, First Colorado, First Nebraska, Tenth Pennsylvania, Third United States Artillery, Utah Light Artillery and a company of United States Engineers, Second Brigade, Gen. Greene. A detachment of the Utah Artillery was sent to the right, and Gen. Greene for the attack and the engineers were divided and half a company sent to each brigade. Gen. MacArthur sent Col. French with the Twenty-third United States forward on Friday to take position on our extreme right. This advance line was made up besides these of the Astor Battery and Thirteenth Minnesota and the two batteries of the Fourteenth. In the Second Brigade the First Colorado boys had occupied the trench the day before and Gen. Greene had them go forward in the firing line instead of trying to relieve them. Gen. Greene had also in the firing line the Eighteenth Infantry and Third Artillery. They made up the three battalions he was ordered to put in the firing line, and the rest of the brigade was in reserve, much to their disgust. The First California headed the column.

OUR TROOPS DRIVE THE ENEMY IN.

It was after the lull in the fleet firing that the guns of the Utah Battery opened on the Malate fort. Soon afterward the detachment sent for Gen. MacArthur opened with the Astors on blockhouse 14, which guarded the Pasai-Manila road off to the right of the Camino Real. The artillery kept up a hot fire and at first the Spaniards replied to it. But the fire of the fleet chased them out quickly. As the flagship signalled that they were breaking up Gen. MacArthur ordered the advance. The Colorado boys tumbled out of the trench in front of Malaté in a great hurry and wasted a lot of their running breath in cheering. They went over the parapet so fast that several of them were hurt, and one poor fellow, Brady of K company, was jumped on by a too eager comrade and his side bruised so that he could not go on and was left behind cursing his mate and his luck.

The reserves started up the beach, and Gen. Greene, with his aides, pushed ahead to catch up with the Colorado boys, who were scooting along in the advance. Col. Hall had had his men out the night before removing obstructions in his front, so his way was clear, comparatively, for some distance. The engineers who were in advance of each brigade were provided with nippers for cutting wires and with portable bridges for crossing ditches. As the Colorado men got near the Spanish intrenchment they halted and fired a few volleys. Then they ran ahead across the stone bridge over Cingalon Creek, just south of the Malaté fort and stopped again.

A series of trenches leads back from the fort to the buildings in Malaté, and through these the Spaniards were retreating, firing occasionally at our men. The Colorado boys responded with volleys, and then Lieut.-Col. McCoy and Lieut. A. McD. Brooks, the regimental Adjutant, ran forward into the fort, mounted to the parapet and hauled down the frayed and faded Spanish flag that had been flying there night and day all summer and ran up in its place a small Stars and Stripes. The regiment stayed long enough to cheer and then passed on, but this delay, brief as it was, gave the First Battalion of the First California, advancing along the beach, time to get ahead. Col. Smith was in command, and he believes in getting to the front. The boys waded through Cingalon Creek, armpit deep, rather than lose time by going up to the bridge, and hurried toward the walled city.

As the Spaniards retreated they went up into the buildings of Malaté and fired on our boys from the windows. The Colorado men were after them in lively fashion along the streets nearest the beach, with the men of the Eighteenth and Third Artillery, further inland, hurrying down the streets toward the walled city and shooting into the windows, marching in two columns at the sides and firing across the streets. The Colorado boys were cheered on by their band, which followed them through Malaté, playing "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-Night." The Spaniards got into the gardens and among the trees and pelted away at our boys merrily, now and then knocking some fellow over. But the Americans pushed them back steadily and at a hot pace, and it was not long before Malaté and Ermita were clear and the Spaniards were inside the walled city. Just south of the wall there is a wide open space between the old city and the suburb of Ermita. Across this our men marched steadily, although the wall was guarded by thousands of Spaniards. But the white flag was up and there was no general Spanish fire, although indiscriminate shooting was kept up for some time. On the whole, the work of the Second Brigade was easy, and there was little loss.

FIRST BRIGADE CATCHES THE FIGHTING.

It was the First Brigade that caught the fighting. The Twenty-third Infantry held the left of its line, with orders to keep in touch with Gen. Greene's right. The Fourteenth Infantry was on the right, and the Astor Battery, supported by the Thirteenth Minnesota Volunteers, held the centre. The centre advanced along the Pasai-Manila road, and met little resistance at blockhouse 14, where the worst work was expected. The shelling the blockhouse had got from the Utah men and the Astors, helped out by some of the big guns of the navy, had made the Spaniards quite ready to quit. They fell back to Cingalon and concealed themselves in houses and behind a barricade. The Astors pushed forward rapidly and in the village met a hot fire. They tried to advance their guns to a position from which they could shell the barricade, but the fire got too hot for them, and they were forced to abandon their guns and retire to cover. The Thirteenth Minnesota came along just then, and there was a nasty fight for a few minutes. There the two Sergeants of the Astor Battery and Bugler Patterson were killed and about thirty men were wounded. Finally the Minnesota men drove the Spaniards back through the village and the Astors rushed the barricade with their pistols. They took up their guns and hoisted them over the barricade by main strength. It was all over in twenty minutes or half an hour, but it was hot while it lasted. After that there was only a little skirmishing with the retreating Spaniards.

It fell to Capt. O'Connor's company of the Twenty-third to take the extreme left of the First Brigade and keep in touch with Gen. Greene's right. He was told that somewhere in his front was a bridge, to which he would come finally if his advance was successful. There he was to stop and hold the bridge against the insurgents, who were sure to try to get into the city by any means possible. It was Gen. Merritt's plan to keep the armed Filipinos out entirely. He knew too well how they would plunder and probably shoot if they got in. So our men had orders all along the line to guard every bridge after they had crossed it against insurgents. Capt. O'Connor's company started out on time with the rest of the boys. Its way was through rough and swampy fields, and the men became pretty badly scattered. The company on Gen. Greene's right was also considerably mixed up, and when Capt. O'Connor emerged from the woods into a clear space to the east of Malaté he had with him ten regulars and six volunteers, with only half the regulars of his own company. The first bridge he came to was a big one, and sixteen men couldn't hold it, so he went on toward Manila. As his Corporal's guard advanced some companies of Spaniards came in from their rear. The Captain opened ranks and let the hurried Spaniards through, then closed up and went along. Finally he came to a little bridge close under the walls that he thought was just about his size, and there he stopped, threw his men across and held the bridge. The Spaniards were lined up in force on the wall not a stone's throw away, but they did not fire, and the Captain had no trouble, except that he was kept busy keeping out the insurgents.

TROUBLE WITH THE INSURGENTS.

Col. Hall and his Colorado men came very near to a fight with the Filipinos. After they crossed the Malaté bridge they left a small guard there and went on to attend to the hot skirmishing ahead. About 100 Filipinos who came up another bridge got into Malaté behind the Colorado men and followed them up the streets doing considerable shooting. Major Jones, the division Chief Quartermaster, was at the head. He had the flag planted in the middle of the street ahead of the Filipinos and with his interpreter, Private Findlay of C Company, First California, started to stop the insurgents. Major Jones told the Filipino Captain that no armed insurgent would be allowed to enter the city. The Captain protested and the Major insisted. Finally it got down to "We will." "You will not." Then the Major drew his revolver and said he would shoot the first man who advanced. A platoon of the Third Artillery was sent for, but the trouble had been settled before these men got up. The insurgents were disarmed and permitted to go on.

Soon after this a band of between 300 and 400 Filipinos under arms drove our small outpost in from the Malaté bridge. The alarm was carried ahead to two companies of the First Colorado, who were in the outskirts of Malaté. They fell out of the road and let the insurgents pass by. The Colorado men fell in behind them and the Filipinos were trapped. After that they were disarmed without further trouble, and sent back out of the city.

There was trouble with Filipinos at several other places, but in nearly every instance they were headed off. A few, however, managed to get into the suburbs and have a good time looting the houses. They were not at all particular about confining their work to the houses of Spaniards; any house was good enough for them to loot, and the British flag for one was no protection. The insurgents robbed an Englishman as impartially as a Spaniard. They put guards on in front of a few houses in Malaté, but these guards were disarmed very quickly after our men got well into the city. The insurgents still occupy—without arms—the priests' residence near the Jesuit observatory in Malaté, and their flag flies from the front window. There has been ample time, apparently, to take care of that, but Gen. MacArthur has not had it removed yet. After the sharp measures taken with its men on Saturday night Aguinaldo got a peremptory order by telegraph from Gen. Anderson to remove all his men at once from the city. Instead he sent Noriel, General in command of the first zone, forward with 1,000 men. The men were corralled very promptly and disarmed, and now that is one of the subjects of dispute between Aguinaldo and Anderson.

Before Capt. O'Connor left his little bridge with his handful of several commands, a regiment came along with a near-sighted Colonel, who is not very familiar with Gen. Merritt's face. Capt. O'Connor resembles the General a good bit, and as he stood beside the bridge the Colonel brought his men to port arms and gave the gallant Captain a marching salute. Capt. O'Connor lost a company, but found a General's salute.

The work of the Signal Corps was extraordinarily efficient. They fell out left, and at every advance almost kept up with the firing line, one man going ahead with a coil of insulated wire, uncoiling it as he advanced, and others following with the instruments, so there was constant communication with the front, and there was not a hitch. The Signal Corps men entered a house in Malaté just as the Spaniards left it, and almost before they could set their instruments adjusted on a table the firing through the house was so hot that they had to lie down on the floor.

PERSONAL STORY OF AN OFFICER.

The following extract from a letter written by a staff officer, who was very active in the advance, to his wife, giving her an account of his personal doings, gives also a very clear picture of the work done by our men, of the way in which the city was entered, and of the manner in which the insurgents were dealt with. It recounts the observations as well as the acts of a trained army officer, who, as aide to Gen. Greene, was obliged to go over very much of the ground, and was therefore in position to see probably more of the day's work than any other one man:

"Two days before I had made my reconnoissance of the position in our front and accurately located the gun in the Spanish fort, one of them pointed directly up the beach on the edge of the bay, and this one we were unable to see with glasses on the morning of the bombardment. As Gen. Babcock was wondering whether it was still there, I offered to go down and again reconnoitre the position to ascertain with certainty whether the cannon had been removed. I started down the beach, concealing myself in the brush on the way, and had approached nearly to the river, when the bombardment suddenly opened from the ships. All the shells fell short, and as they struck the water they ricocheted and whistled over my head in such a manner that I was compelled to retreat about 100 yards in order to get out of the line of fire. A slight lull then ensued in the firing, and I returned to my former position, not having had a chance to use my fieldglasses while there first. A second time the ships opened fire, and the shells again falling short, drove me from my position, but I returned a third time and finished the reconnoissance. Then ran back to our trenches, reporting to Gen. Babcock that the gun had been removed. I also made this report to Gen. Greene, and he said: 'No, you are mistaken; the gun is still there. I can see from here about eight feet of it,' and he pointed out the place to me. Raising my glasses, I thought, sure enough, there is the gun. On our arrival at the trench, however, after the assault, I found the gun Gen. Greene and I thought we saw was a bent piece of corrugated iron lying in such a fashion on top of the trench as to closely resemble a cannon a thousand yards away.

"During the early part of the bombardment I climbed to a site on the flat tin roof of a white house, through which our trench ran, and from there could plainly see and report to the gunners the effect of the shots from our 3.2-inch rifles, which were being served by the Utah Light Battery. They did excellent shooting and much execution on the fort, but the principal damage was done by two large-sized shells landed squarely in the fort by gunners from the fleet. They created havoc and must have killed and wounded many Spaniards.

RACE FOR A SPANISH FLAG.

"Seeing two companies of the Colorado regiment ordered to advance from the trenches I hastily descended and joined them. After advancing about a hundred yards or so this line concealed itself behind good cover to await the bombardment from the ships to grow less dangerous. Pretty soon, however, we were ordered to advance, and I, accompanied by three citizens, led the line through the brush. We stopped once more about 350 yards from the enemy's position and fired a number of volleys. We then made a rush across the mouth of a small river which separated us from the powder magazine at Malaté. We then stopped on the further side of the stream, the men lying down behind cover, and very shortly the rest of the Colorado regiment began to advance in our rear in support.

"As we neared the fort I was anxious to be the first to arrive and take down the Spanish flag as a trophy for you; so when the advance began again I, accompanied by the three citizens, rushed forward in advance of the line, but it halted again, and the Colonel called us back, as he desired to fire some volleys before approaching nearer. We reluctantly returned to the rear of the line, which just at that time began another advance, and the Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment (McCoy) ran ahead of his line, and getting the start of me beat me into the fort and secured the flag for the regiment. As I ran up on the parapet I noticed a very pretty little trumpet lying on the bed in a small room and I seized that and several machetes (called bolos by the natives here) as trophies. Lying under a small nipa shed behind the fort was a poor Spaniard badly wounded in the head and still breathing. I called him to the attention of the first hospital corps man I saw and continued in rapid advance with the line.

"As we proceeded from the fort back to a building which had been occupied as a barracks by the officers, we came under such a heavy fire from the enemy that the men took to the trenches and stopped to return the fire. I kept on to the house and there captured some valuable papers, among them one document which earned for a small native boy a reward of $25, as I had promised him on the contingency that certain information he gave me should be found to be correct. This was a very bright boy who came into my camp several weeks ago peddling cigars. He said that his father was an American who had now left the country and he was living with his mother, a native woman, in Manila. He spoke Spanish fluently and so I questioned him to know if he thought he could bring me certain information I was desirous of obtaining. He thought he could, and returning to Manila, came back in four days with just what I wanted. I paid him liberally, and then sent him again to count the number of Spaniards who served in the trench immediately in our front. He came back with a report that there were seven trenches, served by about fifty Spaniards each, with a certain number of guns. Knowing the trench was a continuous one, I considered his information valueless and thought he was trying to play a native trick on me, so paid him nothing. When I captured the paper I discovered that the Spaniards themselves had divided this continuous trench into seven parts, numbering them from one to seven, and that the regular garrison of these trenches was as the boy had stated, about fifty men each. Why they should so divide a continuous trench I cannot see, but they did. The number of cannon he had reported was exactly right.

SOME LIVELY FIRING.

"While I was at this house there was considerable skirmishing between our men and the enemy and a poor fellow of the Colorado regiment was shot in the neck as he stood near me and has since died. Hearing some Mauser rifles popping behind a wall I got a Captain of the California regiment to have his men hold their guns at arm's length above the wall and discharge them into the yard beyond to drive the Spaniards away. They were making it uncomfortably warm for men on our side who were approaching along the beach from the rear. The California regiment at this point passed the Colorado regiment and took the advance. Joining the California regiment I proceeded down the street with it and saw Sam Widdifield's squad (he is a corporal) very gallantly advance on the run and drive some Spaniards out of a yard who had been firing at our men approaching on the left.

"Engleskjon, Gen. Babcock's orderly, had gone back for our horses, which we left in the rear, but was not able to wait I borrowed a captured horse and soon were him out carrying messages for Gen. Babcock and Gen. Greene. All this time I was galloping around through the streets of Malaté (that suburb of Manila through which we were then advancing) in which our men were skirmishing with the enemy. I requested Col. Smith of the California regiment to leave a small guard over every house flying the English flag, which he did. The English have been very friendly to us in this war and I wanted to see the compliment returned.

"I returned and reported to Gen. Greene for duty. He immediately directed me to ride to the front, and, selecting a patrol of ten men from the California regiment, to advance upon the walled city, reconnoitre it and see whether they would fire on me. As Engleskjon just then returned with my horse I got on it and taking him with me we galloped to the front to make the reconnoissance, but just as we came out on the Lunetta, an open space between the walled city and Malaté, one company of the Twenty-third Infantry debouched from Malaté along the beach and the First Battalion of the California regiment came out of the streets of Malaté onto this open space. I followed them and before we reached the walls of the city we observed a white flag flying on its corner. They marched to the street which encircles the wall, called the Calle de Bagumbayan, and there halted.

INSURGENTS OPEN FIRE.

"As soon as we had seen the white flag I had sent Engleskjon to report the fact to Gen. Greene, and after we had advanced to the foot of the wall I returned myself and reported to him that the enemy had ceased firing. Gen. Greene's orders required him to march around the walled city and take possession of the suburbs across the river on the other side. Before starting back myself I directed the halted troops, by his order, to move down a half mile around toward the river and then halt to await further orders from him. This brought us down opposite the road which leads up to the walled city from a small town in the country called Santa Ana. It had been our whole plan entirely to prevent the insurgents from getting into the city, in order to protect the inhabitants and houses against their looting propensities, but at Santa Ana a number of insurgents, seeing the Spanish falling back, had been too quick for our troops and had approached the walled city from that direction. Coming up within rifle range they began to fire indiscriminately at our troops (who had halted between them and the Spaniards) and at the Spaniards behind them. This caused the Spaniards to return the fire and for a few minutes two companies of our troops (four companies of the California regiment) between two fires, knowing there had been an error and powerless to correct it. They deserve much credit for being cool enough not to return the fire on either party, for such an action might have precipitated what could have been nothing but a bloody and useless carnage.

"During this firing three men were wounded and one shot in the head so badly that he died soon afterward. The others were not severely wounded, one being shot in the shoulder and the other shot in the hand. I myself afterward helped to dress the wound of the one shot in the head, as no physician was near at the time, all being occupied with wounded in the rear. All the men carried on their persons small packages of emergency dressing, and now I hope you will never again say that that little package of emergency dressing which I have been carrying in my pocket for ten years is a nuisance and useless.

GEN. GREENE ENTERS THE CITY.

"When I reported to Gen. Greene and he galloped to the front, followed by his staff and myself, and as we were crossing the Lunetta, a number of shots were fired at us from Mauser rifles by Spaniards concealed in native huts off to the right of the open space from which our men had previously advanced. I think these were native soldiers in the service of the Spaniards, who had been cut off by our rapid advance and were trying to make their way into the city. They had been pressed pretty hard by the columns which had advanced through the streets of Malaté and were therefore away from the beach, but they had been unable to fall back as fast as our men had advanced along the beach and that street which was nearest the beach.

"Gen. Greene rode up to the wall and had a consultation with an official who came forward to meet him near its corner. Then we turned to the right and started along the Calle de Bagumbayan to go around the city. When we reached that gate of the wall which enters from the road to Paco we met a number of mounted Spanish officials, whom Gen. Greene stopped to interview. They brought a request that he enter the city to see the Captain-General, and accompanied by his Adjutant-General, Capt. Bates, and by Dr. Bourns as an interpreter, he went into the city, leaving us to await his return. The men were halted, and while resting on their arms freely talked with the conquered Spaniards. It is very strange how soon soldiers of opposing sides will affiliate with each other after one side has given up. While Gen. Greene was in the city, Gen. Anderson and Gen. Babcock arrived and soon afterward Gen. Greene came out of the city and had a conference with these two Generals.

INSURGENTS PULLED UP SHORT.

"We then resumed our progress around the walled city, and having reached another road leading into the city from Santa Ana, we found another gang of insurgents in our way, whom Gen. Greene directed two companies to force out of the road on to another street, so as to let his command pass by. One man with a red sash tied around his shoulders and very much excited was haranguing the crowd, and when directed to move his men into the side street by Dr. Bourns, who spoke to him in Spanish, pursuant to Gen. Greene's orders, he said: 'No, we are not going anywhere. We are going into the walled city. That's what we came for, and that's what we are going to do.' I jumped off my horse and pulling my pistol out, shook it in his face and told Dr. Bourns to say to him that if he wanted trouble he could have it right off, but that if he didn't want trouble he had better move his men where ordered to, and move them damned quick. He suddenly became very polite, and with many salaams, said 'Si, si, señor.' In the meantime two companies had marched up to the side of the insurgents, and, wheeling into line in front of them, pressed them out of our way back into the side street. Then the insurgents went back that street and approached from another direction, but were headed off by Col. Smith of the First California, to whom I carried an order to force them back across a bridge over the river and hold them there.

"Gen. Greene sent me with a battalion across the Puente de España, the main and principal bridge leading from the corner of the walled city over into the suburbs of Binondo and Tondo. On coming back he sent me with another battalion across the bridge leading into Quiapo. Returning from this duty, I informed him there was another bridge just above the one leading to Quiapo, and he sent me back with orders to direct Col. Smith to guard that bridge also. Returning to Gen. Greene, I again got a message to carry to the Colonel of the Nebraska regiment, who was awaiting orders in the rear, and bringing him up to the front, I accompanied Gen. Greene and his staff until all the troops were posted in positions to guard the principal buildings of the towns and all the main approaches into the outskirts, so that the insurgents could be prevented from entering and looting the place. This they were very keen to do.

HOT WORK FOR GEN. MACARTHUR.

"All this time, while Gen. Greene's brigade was fighting through the city and afterward posting itself for protection against the insurgents, Gen. MacArthur's brigade, which had entered the outskirts of the city to the right and rear of ours, had been fighting near Santa Ana, Concordia, Paco and Cingalon with Spanish skirmishers, and following up in our rear to take the positions on the outskirts abandoned by our troops, in order to prevent the insurgents from following in our rear. A portion of his command had rather a tough fight near Concordia, and lost in about five minutes several men killed and fifteen or twenty wounded. He, however, succeeded in cutting off all but a few of the insurgents, who slipped in too quick for him at Santa Ana.

"All along the north side of the town extending from Santa Ana, around in a northerly direction to the bay at Malabon, near Caloocan, the Spanish held their positions and did not fall back; so we took up our positions in their rear, and although they had surrendered they were not relieved from duty in these trenches until 4 o'clock on the following afternoon. I don't suppose there ever was another case on record where two armies opposed to each other fought out their differences and agreed to a plan to join hands for the protection of a helpless population against the evil propensities of a third armed party.

INCIDENTS AFTER THE SURRENDER.

"The following day Gen. Greene sent me to make a reconnaissance and report on the Spanish line extending from Santa Ana around northward, and the Spanish still being in these trenches, I came in contact with all of them. All the officers appeared very friendly and not resentful, except one, a Col. Carbo, who was a fire-eating Spaniard and Colonel of the Guias Rurales. He was very theatrical in his manner and objected to surrendering as he did, stating that he much preferred fighting to the death for his beloved country.

"That evening late, as I was returning to our city, I found a drunken American soldier on the street with a rock in his hand, having an altercation with three or four Chinamen who were trying to keep him out of their house. They complained that he wanted to drink the alcohol out of their shellac. They were dealers in oils, paints, varnishes, shellac, &c. He was accompanied by a citizen who spoke English and said he was an Englishman, but I think he was probably a discharged American soldier who had remained with the command. He also was drunk. I asked him if he was a soldier and he said no, so I arrested the soldier he was with and ordered the citizen to move on and go about his business. He followed me up, abusing me for arresting the soldier, and I again went back and drove him away, saying that I would arrest him, too, if I had any more trouble with him. I delivered the soldier to the guard and as I was turning away I encountered the citizen again coming to the rescue of the soldier. My Irish was then up and I started for him, but he ran away. I soon overtook him and arrested him, but he resisted and I struck him over the head with my pistol, which cut his scalp and made the blood flow freely. He then accompanied me to the guard. He had told me that no damned American officer could arrest him because he was an English citizen, and I concluded that it was best for the community that this erroneous impression should be removed.

"Here is an incident of the entrance into Manila which I forgot to relate. While I was advancing down the streets of Malaté with the California regiment some Mauser rifle shots were fired upon them from a small building in the Calle Real and the beach. About a dozen California men rushed into the yard in which the building was situated and, kneeling down, pumped a rain of bullets into the house. I turned away to another place where sharp firing was going on, and presently I saw these men bringing out of the yard three badly scared natives, soldiers in the Spanish Army, whom they had captured in the house, and one of the men remarked that one man in the house had been killed, and that there had been four of them altogether. They carried their prisoners along with the advancing troops.

BIG BLUFF BY MAJOR JONES.

"While we were waiting on the Calle de Bagumbayan, Major Fitzhugh came into the street from the road leading toward Paco and reported to me that some insurgents had entered Malaté in that direction and were advancing on the city and that he and Major Jones of the Quartermaster's Department had taken the flag of the California regiment and going down the street in front of them had planted the flag and ordered them to halt, at the same time pulling their pistols and threatening to shoot the first man who dared to advance. Major Jones afterward remarked that it was simply a bluff on his part, as he didn't have a single cartridge in his pistol at the time. They halted, however, and Major Fitzhugh had returned to report that they were threatening to come in anyhow and kill anybody—Americans or anybody else—who tried to stop them. I preferred that some troops should be sent there, and I referred him to Gen. Greene. He reported to Gen. Greene, and I understand some troops were immediately despatched to prevent their further advance.

"I have never before realized what a demoralizing thing it is to be shot at and not know where the bullet is coming from. The Mauser rifle used by the Spanish has a very small calibre and as the Spanish used smokeless powder the noise was very slight. There was no flash or smoke at all. The flash could not even be seen by night. One could only judge of the direction from which the bullet came by the small popping noise of the explosion. This gave one a general idea, but no indication of where to shoot. It gave the Spanish a most decided advantage over all our volunteers, who were armed with Springfields, the fire from which made a great noise and much smoke, as old-fashioned powder was in the cartridges.

"The other day I was sent by Gen. Greene to guide certain officers to the water works, the reservoir and the pumping station. We found both in the hands of the insurgents, and at neither place would they allow us to examine the works until I had shown them an order that I had obtained from Aguinaldo when I started to make my first reconnoissance around the city. This proved to be an open sesame, and we had no further trouble. They would not give up the water works, however, without an order, and so on the following day Gen. Merritt directed me to go and see Aguinaldo concerning the matter, but just as I was making preparations to start, in the worst storm that we have had since we have been here, two emissaries from Aguinaldo came to see Gen. Greene about the same question, so I was saved a disagreeable journey. Everything is still in considerable confusion, but I believe it is straightening itself out as rapidly and as smoothly as could well be expected under the circumstances."

SPANIARDS TURN IN THEIR ARMS.

On the whole the occupation of the city was quickly and quietly effected. After he left Jaudenes, Gen. Merritt went at once to the Government building. The plaza in front of it was already filling up with Spanish soldiers coming to surrender their arms, and glad, most of them, that it was all over. The Second Oregon Regiment came up to the Government building and Gen. Merritt ordered Col. Summers to receive the surrender of the arms. The Oregon men were drawn up in line in front of the Spaniards, who stood at attention as Gen. Merritt stepped out on the balcony and the Oregon men saluted him. Then his two-starred blue flag was broken out from the balcony and Manila was under her American Governor. Nearly all that night Col. Summers worked, and kept his tired men at it also. The Spaniards kept coming in from the outposts and turning over their guns to the Americans. The pile of captured rifles grew. They were stacked in the little park in front of the Government House. They were piled in the corridors, they were everywhere, and still there were more to come in. Three magazines full were found the first night, and there are still more. No effort has been made as yet to list the property captured, but it is a great lot. The guns in the batteries are mostly obsolete, but some of them are good.

The morning after the surrender there was a conference to arrange the formal capitulation. The United States were represented by Gen. Greene, Capt. Lamberton of the Olympia, Lieut.-Col. Whittier, Inspector-General, and Lieut.-Col. Crowder, Judge Advocate. For the Spaniards there were Nicolas de la Peña, Auditor-General; Col. Carlos Reyes of the Engineers and Col. José de Olaguer Feliú.

The city remains quiet and the only apparently possible source of trouble is the insurgent situation. Gen. Merritt has sent Gen. Anderson back to Cavité in practical charge of the matter, to treat with Aguinaldo by diplomacy rather than by force. In other words, there is to be a game of talk. But Aguinaldo is not a talker, though he is clever enough at it when he tries. He has been making things interesting for the United States authorities in Manila by saying little, and that directly to the point from his viewpoint. After the many collisions between his men and the Americans on Saturday he sent a commission to Gen. Anderson "in order to promote friendship and a better understanding." Gen. Anderson did some very forceful talking. The insurgents had thrown up trenches opposite our outposts in some places and acted as if they were besieging us instead of being our "friends." Anderson told them very plainly that that sort of thing must stop and that the Filipino troops must be withdrawn from the city. To this they finally agreed, and they also gave up their demands for Manila as their capital.

But, as has been said, there is always mañana in this country. The insurgents have not withdrawn yet, and, furthermore, they do not intend to get out just yet. They have seized the waterworks out near San Juan del Monte and they hold on. They occupy the pumping station and Manila is getting into a desperate state. The rains have been terrific, but the builders do not properly drain the houses, and so the rains do very little flushing. Aguinaldo has promised to take his men away, but he fails to keep his promise, and we may have to use force there, for water must be had at any cost.

DEMANDS BY AGUINALDO.

Yesterday Aguinaldo sent his commission back again with a long speech and eight demands. The long speech was to the effect that he had permitted the Americans to land troops at Bakor and Parañaque, and had befriended and helped them in many ways; therefore he was entitled to some of the spoils. The eight demands were, briefly:

"1. That his troops withdraw only to certain limits, to be fixed by agreement, close to the city.

"2. That he retain certain convents in the city, which were to be agreed upon later.

"3. That we exercise sovereignty only over the city.

"4. That Gen. Merritt shall consult Aguinaldo about all civil appointments.

"5. That the Filipinos shall have the right at all times to enter the river and harbor.

"6. That the arms taken from the Filipinos be returned to them.

"7. That the Americans be not permitted to leave the city and travel through the surrounding country.

"8. That the Filipinos be permitted to enter the city with or without arms.

Gen. Anderson replied that until the Filipinos had given up the waterworks and withdrawn their men from in front of our outposts there would be no more talk of any sort with the commission. Still, neither has been done, and nearly all the trouble made in the city is caused by the insurgents. There is the bitterest hatred between them and the Spanish. The other night a Filipino officer going along without his arms but in uniform was stopped by a surrendered Spanish officer, who tried to take off his shoulder straps. The Filipino resisted, and the Spaniard drew a pistol—side arms were retained by the terms of capitulation—and shot him in the leg. The same night five Filipinos with knives went into the house of a wealthy Chinaman and demanded his money. Not getting it, they drew bolas and stabbed the old man nine times before the row attracted our guard. As it was three of the men got away and only two were caught.

GEN. MERRITT'S PROCLAMATION.

The work of establishing the American Government will go forward rapidly and at once. Gen. Merritt issued his proclamation to-day. Parts of it had been read to Aguinaldo's commissioners, and in response to their very earnest protests some changes were made. In the proclamation as originally drawn it was provided that the Spanish laws governing civil affairs, property rights and for the punishment of crime should remain in force and be administered by local Spanish officials. Aguinaldo's men said the laws were all right, but they could not submit to the Spanish officials. They argued so well that Gen. Merritt finally consented to the appointment of American officials in the more important cases. This is the proclamation as it was issued:

"*To the People of the Philippines:*

"1. War has existed between the United States and Spain since April 21 of this year. Since that date you have witnessed the destruction by an American fleet of the Spanish naval power in these islands, the fall of the principal city, Manila, and its defences, and the surrender of the Spanish army of occupation to the forces of the United States.

"2. The commander of the United States forces now in possession has instructions from his Government to assure the people that he has not come to wage war upon them, nor upon any party or faction among them, but to protect them in their homes, in their employments and in their personal and religious rights. All persons who, by active aid or honest submission, co-operate with the United States in its efforts to give effect to this beneficent purpose, will receive the reward of its support and protection.

"3. The government established among you by the United States army is a government of military occupation; and for the present it is ordered that the municipal laws such as affect private rights of persons and property, regulate local institutions and provide for the punishment of crime shall be considered as continuing in force, so far as compatible with the purposes of military government, and that they be administered through the ordinary tribunals substantially as before occupation, but by officials appointed by the Government of occupation.

"4. A Provost Marshal-General will be appointed for the city of Manila and its outlying districts. This territory will be divided into sub-districts and there will be assigned to each a Deputy Provost Marshal. The duties of the Provost Marshal-General and his deputies will be set forth in detail in future orders. In a general way they are charged with the duty of making arrests of military as well as of civil offenders, sending such of the former class as are triable by courts-martial to their proper commands with statements of their offences and names of witnesses and detaining in custody all other offenders for trial by military commission, provost courts or native criminal courts, in accordance with law and the instructions hereafter to be issued.

"5. The port of Manila and all other ports and places in the Philippines which may be in actual possession of our land and naval forces will be open, while our military occupation may continue to the commerce of all neutral nations, as well as our own, in articles not contraband of war and upon payment of the prescribed rates of duty which may be in force at the time of the importation.

"6. All churches and places devoted to religious worship and to the arts and sciences, all educational institutions, libraries, scientific collections, museums, are, so far as possible, to be protected; and all destruction or intentional defacement of such places or property, of historical monuments, archives or works of science is prohibited, save when required by urgent military necessity. Severe punishment will be meted out for all violations of this regulation.

"The custodians of all properties of the character mentioned in this section will make prompt returns thereof to these headquarters, stating character and location and embodying such recommendations as they may think proper for the full protection of the properties under their care and custody, that proper orders may issue enjoining the co-operation of both military and civil authorities in securing such protection.

"7. The commanding General, in announcing the establishment of military government and in entering upon his duties as Military Governor, in pursuance of his appointment as such by the Government of the United States, desires to assure the people that so long as they preserve the peace and perform their duties toward the representatives of the United States, they will not be disturbed in their persons and property, except in so far as may be found necessary for the good of the service of the United States and the benefit of the people of the Philippines. WESLEY MERRITT,

"Major-General U. S. Army, Commanding."

AMERICANS BEGIN GOVERNING.

Gen. Merritt began by appointing Gen. Greene as fiscal agent in general charge of the financial affairs. He is a sort of combination of Secretary of the Treasury, Comptroller of the Currency, bank manager and all that. Gen. MacArthur was made Military Commandant of the walled city and Provost Marshal-General. Col. Smith of the First California was made Deputy Provost Marshal for the districts north of the Pasig River, and Col. Ovenshine of the Twenty-third United States Infantry for the district south of the Pasig. Col. Owen Summers of the Second Oregon is Deputy Provost Marshal for the walled city. Lieut.-Col. Whittier was made Collector of Customs and Major Bennett Collector of Internal Revenue. Capt. Henry Glass of the Charleston was made Captain of the Port.

Business is ready to boom as soon as complete instructions are received from Washington. Just now the negotiations for reopening the cable are going on. The company had deposited a large sum with the Spanish Government and that must be released by an order from the other end.